



The Angel

I Dreamt a Dream, what can it mean?
And that I was a maiden Queen:
Guarded by an Angel mild;
Woe's woe, was ne'er beguiled!

And I wept both night and day
And he wip'd my tears away
And I wept both day and night
And hid from him my heart's delight

So he took his wings and fled;
Then the morn blushed rosy red;
I dried my tears & arm'd my tears
With ten thousand shields and spears

Soon my Angel came again:
I was arm'd, he came in vain:
For the time of youth was fled
And grey hairs were on my head



The SICK ROSE

O Rose, thou art sick,
The invisible worm,
That flies in the night
In the howling storm:
Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy:
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.